BEASTS AND BIRDS

A Lot of Interesting Stories of Animal Life.

AT LARGE AND IN CAPTIVITY

As Man's Adversary and as His Companion.

THE KING OF THE SKY

An Eagle that Made a Desperate Fight for Liberty.

A Berks County Man's Story of a Remark. able Battle on Blue Mountain-Though Trapped, Shot, Bound, and Bilnded, the Bird Still Held the Fletd-Fight Enough for Farmer Williams, and He was Glad to Turn His Share of it Over to Others While He Attended to His Wounds.

"If any person who doubted that a wounded engle was a desperate customer for a man to tackle," said Lewis Williams of Borks county, Pa., "could have witnessed an encounter that I had with one once on the Blue Mountain, in Tulpehocken township, he would have had his doubts removed in short order. I had been losing a good many chickens one fall, and supposing that they were being earried off by foxes I sot a trap for Respard. The morning after setting the trap I went out to ook for it, and it was nowhere to be seen. It had been chained to a small stake in the

ground and the stake was also missing.

"Belleving that the fox, although its cunning had not saved it from the tran, had been martenough to pull up the stake in some way and then make off with trap, chain, stake, and all I made a pretty thorough search in the eds around about there, but could not find any trace of fox or missing property.

As I was returning home I heard a great sommotion among a big flock of crows in the mods a quarter of a mile up the mountain. The crows were cawing in such furious chorus that their cries could have been heard for a mile. The birds were birdling around the tree tops in one particular spot, and frequently a aumber of them would dart viciously down through the trees toward the ground. I was surious to know what could be causing this unusual proceeding among the crows, for they are birds that do not foot their time away for authing, I walked up the mountain and as I approached the spot where the crow circus was soing on, the tunuit among the crows increased. When I arrived within easy guishoot of the spot the flock with Irew to a more distant sart of the woods, but keet up their hubbuh, and lawed and chattered in a way that is no doubt of their naving been intensely disturbed by some unpleasant experience.

"I walked on and had taken but a few steps sheet I heard a sound as of a chain teing dragged along on the ground, and instantly concluded that it was the chain of my missing trap. I momentarily expected to see the lox, hampared by the trap on his log, come into signi, believing that he had been attacked by the crows who had discovered him in his crippled condition. Imagino my surprise then shee, instead of the fox making his appearance, an enormous baid cagie strutted out from behind a big tree, dragging the trap were isstened on one leg of the great bird.

Thad with me an ordinary shotigue, with which I had expected to kill the lox if I found it is my fram, when the eagle saw me it rese with great difficulty from the ground, owing to be bused on the ground. The day of the trap were isstened on one leg of the great bird.

Thad with me an ordinary shotigue, with which I had expected to kill the lox if I found it is my fram. When the eagle saw me it rese with great difficulty from the ground, owing to be bused on the ground. The same was such a useful discovered to the ground of the trap and chould be a subshift of having and the burden of the trap and chould an expected to capture it like I approached which he capte rules dupon we much about only feed bag. On my way burden on the long the woods I stomed and an fast form my deep on the my desire to have the substitute from the woods I stomed and the firm of the tra anmber of them would dart viciously down through the trees toward the ground, I was

faccows, and that shou was braced be case. Inscrows, and who had not and the passess, that he engle was wounded and righted and hading as they do ad large blood, and the case was wounded and righted and hading as they do ad large blood, and should be added to the sable assailant lay lead hear their carried for and several others were drawing in the marked for and several others were drawing income has territale lead and one for than uttering the harsy, cry which they one did not when we had early trouble.

The early he wooner saw me again than he risked toward me with an the large at his command, than pered and crinided as he was, and forced the lighting at one. I had made a note the lighting at one. I had made a note in one only of my rone. As the eagle same learny toward me, his sound what raised several inches from his side, the wounded one draw as helviess and became on the around, his powerus moked beak thrown pea, the leathers on his ness brackling like the hair on an anary buck, and the chain planting as he drawed in the sea, the was a statuting pleture of intense hate and unboanted fary. I had need been the sad unboanted fary. I had need been done. I knew that by the plan I had formed for canturing the early I could quickly overpower him it could manage it successfully as I stood my ground, and when the immense bird was almost hear enough to me to stike me with his beak. I quickly tossed the pose over his head, it slipped down over his wing, and I drew it close by a sadden and strong jetk. I then rain to one side and the light of the one to a sanding. The early was most store powerful wing as it had been of the use of one is senormous takens by the ring. Yet it miles the end of the rope to a sanding. The early was may shound the great help of its one of the one to be a sandaden and strong jetk. I then rain to one side and their head and hear classed the early was still all points in me, and striking him of the point in the same of the sound and striking me in the beauty the was the sound and striking hi

the hen and hobbled slowly toward a stone wall on the opposite side of the lot.

The farmer was about to send another chunk of lead after the limping hen thiel, when he got a glimpas of something that caused him to healthst. Several rods behind the wounded fox another and smaller fox was racing across the field. He hain't caught any hen in the yard, but, when he got to the one that the wounded fox had let loose of, he grabbed her in his mouth, flung her parily over his shoulder, and dashed away at so fast a canter that Farmer Southard said he looked more like a red sireak than an animal. He fired at the streak, but he didn't hit it, and the fox bore off to the loft, where there was a strip of board isnee, crawled ander the fence, and soon disampeared in a grove of maples.

While this was point on the other fox had reached the stone wall and dragged himself over it. Farmer Southard chased him up, but he could see nothing of the fox when he got to the other side of the wall. The cunning beast hadn't had time to reach the woods, and in a little while the farmer found him squeezed in between a couple of stones at the base of the wall. He was allye yet, but the larmer killed him, and then he found that his builet had gone clear through both of the fox's hips.

It Took Time and Patience, but Macomber

SCRANTON, May 18 .- Early in April Amasa Macomber got a glimpse of a big she wildcat in the woods on the south side of Shiny Mountain, in Spring Brook township. He saw she was going to give birth to kittens before long. and he resolved to locate her hiding place and find her litter of young ones if it were possible. Macomber is an old Spring Brook woodsman. but he had never seen a wildest under the size of a half-grown one, and he desired to find out how a wildcat's kittens looked when they were real small. A few days after that Macomber went to the dark ravine again, secreted himself in a clump of bushes near a little stream, kept perfeetly still, and watched for the wildcat to make her appearance. Macomber is an inveterate smoker, but he put out his pipe before he got to the woods, and for four long hours he sat there watching for the wildest to show herself, not daring to light up for fear of at-

When he had about made up his mind to fill his pipe and start for home he had the good luck to get sight of the object of his search. She was creeping stealthfly from the biliside toward the rivulet, only a few yards from where Macomber was concealed, and her movements showed that she was bent on catching something. Within a few feet of the brook the wildest stopped, and for five or six minutes she sat perfectly still. Then she made a spring. and when she turned Macomber saw that she had a mole and several spears of dry grass in

and when she turned maconder saw that she had a mole and several spears of dry grass in her mouth. As she cantered up the hillside with her prey, Macomber took note of the direction she went, and he also noticed that she hadn't had her kittens yet.

A week afterward Macomber watched for her again in the same spot. He sat in the clump of bushes for three or four hours without getting sight of her, but on the following day he saw her mousing near the brook. She caught something and bounded away with it, and Macomber saw that she went in the same direction. By that time the windest had a nest of kittens somewhere in the woods, and Macomber began to lay his plans to find out how those kittens looked. He might have kitled their mother when he saw her mousing there, but he said he dide't want to do it, because her little ones would starve to death in case he couldn't find the nest after he had killed the oid wildeat.

So Macomber said he concluded to try to catch her in a box trap. It wouldn't hurt her anyto be caught in that way, and if he caught her he could hunt around in the woods for her nest without fearing to be tackled by her. If he found her kittens, he was going to take them home with him and her, too, but if he any to be caught in that way, and if he caught her he caught her he caught her he caught the woods for her nest without fearing to be tackled by her. If he found her kittens, he was going to take them home with him and her, too; but if he didn't succeed in hunting up her nest, he was going to be the old cat loose, and be prepared to slay her if she ritched on him.

On the following day Macomber and his oldest son, Archer, took a box tran into the woods, brited it with a nece of chicken and a house mouse, and set it near the spot where the wildest had caught the mole. Both of them went to the rayine the next morning to look at the trap. Before they had got in sight of it they heard a wildeat yowing and seconding further up the rayine, and they hurried on feeling satisfied that the mother wildeat had stumbled into the trap during the night. Macomber said he was a little taken back and a bit provoked when he looked through the iron rods on top of the trap. for, instead of finding the she cat inside, a big buck wildeat had his back humbed up against the rods, and was smalling and splitting and servathing to get out. Macomber said he knocked the male wildent in the head, hamied him out, and rest the trap with the same balt, as the buck wildeat had hot distaired it.

Hash morning Macomber and his sen went to the rayine, but they don't find the trap sprung until the fourth day. It then had a reaming she wildeat in it, and diacomber and he sare and are not the reservant and began to search for her next. They looked into every coney spot that was saieled from the weather, and slower worked their way up the hillside toward the sear the father and son acarched, the trap of the time. Then they said not not still her was the line while the said worked they would have on a fallent roe to rest, and Macomber was telling his son that he ruessed they would have to give up, when the suarp ears of the boy heard a faint noise ever to over the suarp ears of the boy heard a faint noise ever the over the course.

that he guessed they would have to give up, when the sharp ears of the boy heard a faint noise near the roots of the boy heard a faint noise near the roots of the tree.

Archer went to passing around without saying anything to his father about what he had heart, and underneath the butt of the log he soon unevered four bany wildcats, two of which he held up for his father to look at. Their eves were just open, and Macomber said the humary little things mewed a good deal ake dome-tic kittens when the boy handled them. They were spotted gray and white with hearly white belies. Archer took the four wild kittens way in his bat, and, when they reached the frap, the flores old mother wildcat tried her jest to break out and made a terrible fuss when she heard her little ones mow. Then they poked the kiltens into the trap, and the old cat quieted down. She got them into a corner with as much care as a tame cat. Macomber said and then curled up and tried to hide them.

They lugged the trap home from the centre of a pole, and Miscomber made a strong cage for its savage captives. That was over two weeks ago, and the kittens have grown fast ever since. Macomber the strength of her young ones, but flies into a rage whenever any one gets too near the cage to sait her. Macomber says his curlosity has been satisfied, and he now knows how a wild kitten beeks and acts, they have already cost him more than they will ever some to, he thinks, and he says that when the kittens got to be about haif as big as willcats ever grow, he is going to kill the whole caboodle of them and make the county pay him a bounty on five wildcats.

BARTON'S THO BEARS.

He Caught Them White Watching For a Thief, and Prizes Them Highly.

HARRISBURG, May 18 .- "I've got a couple fourteen-months-old bears," said A. L. Barton of Potter county," and it would take a good deal of money to buy them. I don't suppose they are worth any more than any other pair of bears of their age would be, but they are a pleasant reminder of a very lively night's ex-perience I had on Derrin Run, in our county, ast summer, and I wouldn't part with 'em.

"Derrin Run is a branch of the Sinnama-honing and besides being one of the very best of trout streams it is a famous resort for wood or summer ducks. I like to fish for trout, and I like to hunt wood ducks, and when I have a chance to combine both sports I think I am specially favored among the scottsmen. I go out except year and camb a couple of days or so out were stally interpreted in crows, whose ories were stall in the stall in the stall interpreted in cover confident companies. The crows in the yard, but his terrible is strong state in the yard, but his terrible is per forbade all attempt to care for the finality wound the trap had inflicted on his grainful wound the trap had inflicted on his grainful wound the trap had inflicted on his said died in three days. He refused to stand fidel in three days, His stuffed figure is used in Affiliadolphia museum.

That FAXEN 16 ONE HEN.

Small Wooder the Usen Was Cavried Grand and the stall in the part of Madison township was nothing first of Madison township was nothing first of Madison township was nothing first of the crows and the prince of the crows were left in the epring. There was no way that they could have they were camped a mineral state of the day before only a dozen or so of the smallest once were left in the epring. There was no way that they could have they were camped a mineral state of the day before only a dozen or so of the smallest once were left in the epring. There was no way that they could have they were the dorn and they were camped a mineral state of the day before only a cover if they had been shiped away. The only was in wind a feating the part of the could have the prince had not a part of the day before only a c especially favored among the sportsmen. I go out every year and camp a couple of days or so

plain as day. I had my gun, both barrels charged with duck shot, but of course I had no intention of giving its contents to the thief. But I was going to make the shot whistle close around him if he made his appearance, and let him understand that I was keeping these trout for my own use.

"I lay in the bushes an hour or more, and nothing came to disturb the silence. Then I dropped off to sleep. I don't know how long I sleep, but I was aroused by the noise of something approaching through the brush, I grasped my gun and peered out from my hiding place. In a few seconds I was surprised to see, not the figure of a thieving fellow fisherman, but the big black form of a bear, followed by two cubs. I knew that bears were common in that part of the county, but that any were prowiing in my immediate vicinity I hadn't the slightest suspicion. I didn't connect the appearance of these bears with the disappearance of my trout either until the subsequent proceedings. The big bear advanced to the ecke of the spring, reached one of her paws down in the water and scooped the trout out and threw it on the ground. The cubs seized it. The old bear was then proceeding to fish out another trout, when I blazed away, both barrels at once. The bear went down with a howl that made the ground shake. The cubs ran about frightened half to death. I had never had any experience with bears, and I rushed out from the bushes. I was met by the old bear, the ugly brute jumping up as soon as she saw me, and charging savarely upon me, I had nothing to defend myself with, and I retreated toward my tent. The hear followed me closely.

"I couldn't exactly make up my mind what I had better do, when I saw my axe gleaning in the moonlight by the tent door. I grabbed it, and, turning, bucked into the bear with the axe. Two blows brought her to the ground, and a third one filished the fight. The cubs had come right along on the heels of their mother, and I succeeded in capturing them alive without any trouble, I took them home next day and sent a couple

THE ART OF TARPON FISHING.

It Takes Still to Conquer the Splendid

Tarpon lishermen, who fish for the love of the thing and go the Gulf of Mexico every winter to indulge in their favorite sport, are returning to town one by one, more enthusiastic than ever. That tarpon fishing is in its infancy as an art these sportsmen unite in reporting. Very little, too, is known concerning the habits of the fish. One thing is certain: if a "norther" comes on to blow and the water is consequently roiled, tarpon will not take the bait. A condition of successful tarpon fishing is clear water. salt, and not brackish. Many fishermen angle for tarpon with the

line over the side of the small boat, but this practice is being gradually abandoned owing to the great size and strength of the fish. Except with the greatest care a fisherman who holds the line in his hands will find, in the course of an hour's struggle with a tarron dragging the boat, that he is about as tired as the fish. In the old-fashioned way to fish for tarpon a very large line was used, as the fish had to be caught by main strength. Modern tarpon fishermen use a 15-thread line from 500 to 600 feet in length and a stout and supple rod. A tarpon has always a good fighting chance for his life. Commodore Asten of this city, who returned from the Gulf last week, says that out of forty tarpon hooked he and his companion secured only eleven fish. It is a warm-blooded fish, and is gamier pound for pound than the saimon. Probably no tarpon hooked behaves like any other tarpon. The month is illied with big teeth, and no tarpon will ever be caught by the month. He must be permitted to swallow the bar, and even then from a peculiar faculty he has of throwing his throat into his mouth, the hook may be dislodged by a sudden flop and twist of the fish.

When the tarpon is struck he goes off with a rush, and many a fisherman has paid good money to learn this fact thoroughly. The fisherman rays \$4\$ for a line, and if he holds his r. d. out over the water the rush of a tarpon weighof forty tarpon booked he and his companion

erman mays 14 for a line, and if he holds his r d out over the water the rush of a tarpon weigh-ing over 100 pounds snaps the line as though it were a throad. One fisherman lost \$50 worth of lines last season before he learned to hold up his pole perpendicularly, so that when the strain came on the line the pole bent and kept the line taut. It was the same fisherman who get something like a tarpon fever when he hooked his first tarpon. The big fellow snapred the line and then plunged off on the top of the water, rumping out at every few feet

who got something like a tarpon fever when he hooked his first tarpon. The big fellow snansed the line and then plunged off on the top of the water, jumping out at every few feet like a norpoise, his silver, at the beauling in the sun like liquid silver. At the beauling sight the fisherman forgot that he was fishing, and threw down his pole, crying to his companions. There he goes! Oh, just look at him! Ain't he a beauty?"

There is a dorsal fin on the tarpon which has a sharp edge, and many instances are known where a fish, perhaps intentionally, wound the line around the hora-like projection and et the line as smoothly as though with a knife.

There is a trick which most lish have when brooked of rushing unexpectedly in the direction of the boat where the anger is string, giving him no time to reel in his line. This is what the tarpon does. With other smaller fish the trick is not particularly dangerous, though it is vexialious. But it is different when it is a tarnon. He sometimes rushes, not only toward the fisherman, but under and beyond the little boat. Then he dodges in another direction, and usually succeeds in snapping the line.

Expert tarpon lishermen have learned that they cannot rely on gails sold for the purpose at most tackle stores. Galls in stock are apt to bend at a critical moment and let the tarpon escape. Only a sportsman who has worked for an hour to get a big fellow to his boat's gunwale knows how vexations it is to lose his well-earned prey by an imperfect gan.

The scale of a good-sized tarpon is nearly round and is 3t to 4 inches in diameter. A third of its surface is exposed on the fish's side, and when it is removed and dried it is difficult to believe that an artist has not dipred his brush in a silver bath and drawn it across one side of the scale. In Florida mantel ornaments are made of scales by steaming them, pressing them flat, and letting them dry, when an artist may, with pencil or brush, sketch a good-sized vaching scene on one side.

The luckiest tarpon is herman in the Flo

HENS HOWED DOWN.

Baneful Effects of Some Recent Connecticut Legislation. Nonwich, May 18. - The Connecticut Legis-

lature at its first blennial session has made or unmade, laws about pretty nearly everything mundane, and about some things celestial -the iron-bound biasphemy statute for instance-but when it entered the domain of the Connecticut hen it hurt itself and the State. The Commonwealth already had laws regulating dogs and bovine animals, about son, ing suckers and restricting oleomargarine, eider and imitation molasses, but the egricultural committee, influenced by the bucolie element in the House, fancled it detected a deep-scated yearning for hen legislation. A satisfactory hen statute was finally adopted, by whose provisions the Connecticut hen is enjoined from supporting herself hereafter in the neighbor's garden, the penalty for violating the law being

a fine for the owner of the hen.

The law has resulted disastrously. The hen has not been in a normal condition since the statute was enacted. She has benaved queerly, given birth to strangely constructed offspring, lost her dignity and style, indulged in parcy and moods, and become morbid. But withinstinctive regard for the Legislature, or for the unprecedented clongation of the henyard pales, she has strictly obeyed the law. Selectman A. M. Camp of Durham has a hen that has acted queerly for several weeks. She did very well, laying an egg a day with notable regularity until the day before Laster Sunday, which was about the date on which the hen law was enacted at Hartford, and then her whole disposition changed. From that time on she would not lay at all, her temper became moreose and petulant, and she would not quit her nest. Such behavior in itself, however, was not at all astonishing to Mr. Camp because it is one of the usual symptoms in the case of a hea that has made up her mind that either she is going to "est," or will sacrifice life in the valu attempt.

But it was no common mania for setting that was the sole cause of selectman Camp Shen's perversity. She not only would not lay, and would not quit has he sole cause of selectman Camp Shen's perversity. She not only would not lay, and would not quit has nest but by the exercise of some occult authority she compelied all the other sance hens in the yard to "lay to her." and at the close of each day she clucked malignantly over a nest that was level full of eggs. But each night Mr. Camp took the eggs away from her, and he had a desperate fight to do so, for the hen few at him with bristling ire. So the belegament varied his tactics; he stole into the barn after dark and sofily and defly robbed the nest when the old hen was nodding and sprawling over the dozen or two eggs that didn't belong to her. But after a while she penetrated that scheme, and she set awake at night and nodded all day; however, the selectman got the eggs, all the same, by lighting the a fine for the owner of the hen.

The law has resulted disastrously. The hen

both incumbents of the nest in gathering his eggs. Mr. Camp, after mentally applauding the presumption of the old hen, did not disturb the gallinacoons-feline adjustment, and she is still sitting on the kitten, which is fed in a novel way. Twice a day the old cat visite the environs of the nest and sings to the kitten, which thereupon comes out from under the hen, takes his breakfast or supper, and after the exchange of a few tokens of affection with his parent, voluntarily returns to cover under the fewl. Then the cat goes on her way.

Another hen, the pet fowl of Oll Halberg of East Hampton, astonished the natives of that town by producing a chicken that had four lears and four wings. Oll was very proud and tender of his producy because he thought that a four-leaged and four-winged chicken was just the thing for a museum, but spite of its extraordinary provisions for getting there, the chick ded at the untimely age of two days.

Mr. G. O. Church of Portland has two chicks in a brood of a dozen that are notable for eccentricity. In appearance they are as sound and halo as the other members of the brood, but they are unable to stand, toppling over on their backs as soon as they are placed on their leags. Therefore they are kept in warm cloths in a box under the kitchen stove. They are evidently not at all well. They lie on their backs and continually throw their heads back-ward and forward as if they had a load on their leags. Therefore they are kept in on their backs and continually throw their heads back-ward and forward as if they had a load on their backs and continually throw their heads back-ward and forward as if they had a load on their backs and continually throw their heads back-ward and forward as if they had a load on their hacks and continually throw their heads back-ward and forward as if they had a load on their backs and continually throw their heads back-ward and forward as if they had a load on their hacks and continually throw their heads back-ward they are the season to the continual than th

JUMBO, MR. CROWLEY, AND BOMBL. Three Notable Beasts Kept in Part for

Everybody to Look at. Big Jumbo's skeleton, skilfully mounted upon a handsome wooden pedestal in the mammal room of the Museum of Natural History, divides, with the stuffed figure of the late Mr. Crowley of Central Park, the interest and curlosity of visitors. The appearance of Jumbo's massive bones is a rare tribute to the taxidermist's skill, for when Mr. Barnum first presented them to the museum they were begrimed with the accumulated dirt of several years. The skeleton has been thoroughly renovated so that in spots at least it shines

renovated, so that in spots at least it shines almost like ivory.

Jumbo will appear still larger by contrast when the skeleton of Samson, who was burned to death at Bridgopot about two years ago, has been placed by its side. Samson was himself an elephant of no mean size, but beside Jumbo he will present something of the appearance of a three-year-old to idler beside his elder brother. His bones are already mounted in Rochester, all ready for transportation to this city. They are a gift to the museum from Mr. Cole, formerly of Barnum & Balley's.

The neat specimen that will be added to the collection will be the mounted figure of Bombi, who, when in life, delighted the visitors at the Central Park Menagerie. Bombi's tough hide is now soaking in an antiseptic solution at the museum, preparatory to treatment at the fax-

museum preparatory to treatment at the tax-idermist's hands. When ready for exhibition, hombi will be one of the rarest treasures of the museum, as he bears the distinction of being the largest rhinocoros ever captured.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

Why they Like Him in South Carolina-A Superstition About Him.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: In the York Pennsylvanian I flud an article of yours on the mocking bird, and tender you my thanks for your defence of our game little songster. He is all your fancy painted him, and more, too. He is a perfect Southron, game, irascible. saucy, and daring to the extreme; but he cannot bear adversity or captivity. Full of clan. he lacks the staying power. Transfer him from his native heath and his name is no longer MacGregor. It is a burning shame that the negro of Louisiana cannot find a better mode of earning his livelihood than by the trapping of mocking birds. Surely on the sugar and rice fields of Louisiana. Cuffee should find

of mocking birds. Surely on the sugar and rice fields of Louisiana. Cutice should find something to do more profitable to himself and less injurious to the State that feeds him.

The mocking bird subsists on worms, herries, grapes, and such like, eating no grain, and is a faithful henchman to the farmer and gardener. He is some on grapes, but cannot go the Scuppernong, which is the only paying grapes we grow here on the coast of South Carolina. I have tried grapes here near the sea and find the atmosphere too hund. The view grow here on the coast of South Carolina, I have tried grapes here near the sea and find the atmosphere too hund. The view grow have a substitute on the sea of the coast of the

GLADYS MAKES TROUBLE.

But her Owner is Interested and Happy for he is Losing Flesh, Another new method for the reduction of

obesity has been discovered, as all great discoveries are brought about, purely by accident.

You see, It was just like this." expounded its inventor. "My wife and I went to house keeping a while ago for the first time, and she thought she couldn't keep house without some pets. You knew how it is when your wife makes up her mind to have anything. Well, I got the pets, a cat and a dog. The cat was an ordinary kind of an animal, with the usual foline proclivity for multiplication, by which our one cat was presently five. But the dog was a beauty, a full-blooded coffee spaniel, and my wife named her Gladys. But the dog was a beauty, and what in a name any way.

As that time I was working a rowing manuound not, and various things if a fifteen to the brothers, who own spruce Cabin, a famous reason to bread or money value of the pure, and what in a name any way.

As that time I was working a rowing manuound not, and various things if a fifteen the dog or money value of the pure, and what in a name any way.

I wo Saake Stories.

CANADENSIS, Pa., May Is.—The Price brothers, who own Spruce Cabin, a famous restored to Paradise Valley last Sunday on one of my row slists to the kitchen of the pure, and what is in a name any way.

As that time I was working a rowing manuound not, and various things if a fifteen the ordinary is the collection of the pure of the p coveries are brought about, purely by accident.
"You see, it was just like this," expounded

of the week I had a whip on every floor, an had lost two pounds of flesh.

After harmony had been established between Gladys and the cat peace seemed to have been declared on her part with all the feline race. She bogan to cultivate a gaunt tomat that came growling into the yard, but Tom dldn't reciprocate her friendly approaches. He had known bitter experiences, and his instincts were possimistic and aggressive. He made a dive at Gladys, who was all unprepared for the onshaught, and, of course, she got the worst of it. In a juil in the proceedings I put a builer through Tom's back and finished the fray. I intended to hit the cat in the head, but with the usual perversity of his kind, he continued to spring just enough to take it in the back. He crawled up a tree in a slekening and writhing way kicking out his quivering and before the heighbors rushed in and just then the cat gave one last wiggle and dropped out of the tree. I put my wile on the bed with the Pond's extract bottle, as I couldn't find the coloure, and rushed down to hury the cat under a rose bush. Gladys looked on approvingly, and when the grave was smoothed overshe smuffed around it in a satisfied soit of way which intimated that the interment was all course and proper.

The next night when I got home that cat lay under the rose bush without a hair on its careas; and beside it sat Gladys triumphant, radiant, and expectant walting my commendation. Some of the dirt from that grave was on the paror windows, some in the gar we was on the paror windows some in the grave was on the paror windows as one in the grave was on the paror windows, some in the rane, explaining meastime that I wanted the cut left alone. Then I buried it again, Gladys capering about the yard, catching the heavy tiger-skin rug had been dragged may from the direction in the heavy tiger-skin rug had been dragged

been dranged away from the dreplace and bleed up, with a down pillow and a rug of choice skins from the couch; in a conier, a Venetian glass of nament lay in fragments on the floor, and in the midst of the devastation, in a white and gold chair so deeled out with blee ribbons and alush that neither I or any guest whoever came here had sufficient tomerity to sit down in it, sat Gradys, animated, expeciant, and desighted to see me. I went to the window to get a whip, and looked out. There lay the cat, stark, stiff and staring. "It took me a long time to polish that dog off, as she deserved, and get the cat buried again to my satisfaction, and it was not quite acreeable, even to me, to be rubbing the dog's ness in the corise in the war she deserved. "The next night, when I went home. I found my wife crying by the wash bowl and holding some wriggling, squirming things sewed up in a little muslin bag under water with her finger. It proved to be three of the four kittens which she had she mad been about it, for she sobbed out that they wouldn't die, and she was so faint and siek. I went out to enrich another rose bush with the last remains of the three embryonic cars when Gladys came rushing up so deligned about something that I knew she needed her usual dicking. The cat was not entirely significant, only his two hair feet stuck up straight and hairless above the ground. Evidently I had in my haste buried him with his feet up. I thrashed the dog, and the next night found the two fore feet unearthed. I hammered the dog again, and buried the cat. That was the last of it. The fifth time I buried that a lost five pounds.

Now I'm making my garden. I begin to plant a row of peas, and by the time I am putting in the last ones Gladys is industriously scratching up the first ones. She puts her little fore feet down firmly and sends the dirt flying forty feet high with the others. Oh, by the time I get that sarden done I shall be so thin I dhave to pad to play the part of a skeleton. You see, it is execting and interesting, w

THE SERPENT OF FIDDLE LAKE. Geo. Schoevel, who Saw It Devour a Dog. Says It's av Big as a Saw Log. From the Carbonitale Leader.

Fiddle Lake, a body of water of unknown depth, is located midway between Ararat and Herrick on the Carbondale branch. The publie highway passes along the left side of the lake. The land at this point is heavily timbered, but between the road and the lake the ground is comparatively clear, affording a fine view of this beautiful shoot of water.

A rocky ledge skirts the east side of the lake. and about the centre of this ledge is a caver-nous opening into which the water flows. Boatmen have frequently attempted to explore this cavern, but its extreme darkness and the difficulty of working a boat into the narrow opening has made it impossible, except for a few feet, The lake is much frequented by fishermen. and for several years the story has been kept alive by members of the fraternity concerning the existence of a monatrous snake or readile of that sort, which, according to report, has been seen on several different occasions near

Making directly for the cavern before mentioned, it disappeared within its walls. Schoevel continued his journey, and the next morning on his return stepped at the Jefferson House here and excitedly told us the story in substance as we have written it. He said: 'I sleep me not a lam bit all de night long, and I dend': 20 oudt py mineself in dis gountry some more, py chinks!' The truthfulness of his story no one deable who has heard him toll it, and now that the identity of the 'Flidlies' lanks serpent' has been established beyond question, the enterprising residents of that section will doubtless contrive some means for its capture or destruction, and the lass of numerous lambs, chickens, &c., by the residents of that lecality will not be accredited altogether to dogs, skunks, and other destructive quadrupeds.

Baby Humors

Itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, scrofulous, and hereditary humors, with loss of hair, are speedily, permanently, and economically cured in early life by the CUTICURA REME-DIES, the purest and best of all humor cures, thus avoiding years of torture, disfiguration, and mental as well as physical suffering. Parents, remember this, and do your duty. Cures in shildhood are always permanent.

Cured by Cuticura

REMEDIES. My boy when I year of age was so bad with eczema that he lost all of his hair. His scalp was covered with eruptions, which the doctors said was scald head, and that his hair would never grow again. Despairing of a cure from physicians, I began the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and I am happy to say with the most perfect success. His hair is now aplendid, and there is not a pimple on him. I recommend the CUTICURA REMEDIES to mothers as the most speedy. economical, and sure cure for all skin diseases of in-fants and children, and feel that every mother who has

an addicted child will thank me for so doing.

Mrs. M. E. WOODSUM, Norway, Me.

No Rest at Night

Our oldest child, now 6 years of age, when an infant d months old, was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies falling, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, bletched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally we were advised to try the CUTICERA REMEDIES. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure my opinion, your valuable remedy saved his life, and

For cleansing, purifying, and beautifying the skin and scalp and restoring the hair of children and in-fants, and destroying the germs of scrofula and all

hereditary humors, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are

most agentzing itching, burning, and inflammation,

clears the skin and scain of crusts and scales, and re-

stores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the greatest of skin beautifors, is indispensable in treating skin dis-

cases and baby humors. It produces the whitest, clearest skin and softest hands free from pimples,

spot, or blemish. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by CUTICUKA SOAP.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer

From the Savannah News.

I cannot say enough in praise of the CUTICURA | My boy, aged 9 years, has been troubled all his life with a very bat humor, which appeared all over his body in small red blotches, with a dry white scale on them. Last year he was worse than ever, being covered with scale from the top of his head to his feet, and continually growing worse, although he had been treated by two physicians. As a last resort I determined to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and am happy to say they did all that I could wish. Using them according to directions, the fining rapidly disappeared, leaving the skin fair and smooth and performing a thorough cure. CUTICURA REMEDIES are worth their weight in gold.
GEURGE F. LEAVITT, North Andover, Mass.

No Peace by Day

to day he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros Att'y, Ashland, O. GEO. B. SMITH. REFERENCE: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

I have used the CUTICURA REMEDIES successfully for my baby, who was afflicted with ecsema and had such intense ttching that he got no rest day or night The itching is gone and my baby is cured, and is now a heaithy, rosy-cheeked boy.

MARY KELLERMANN, Beloit, Kaz.

Cuticura Remedies

poisonous elements, and thus removes the CAUSE. Hence the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every species of terturing, bumillating, itching burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, and all humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales, and crusts, when physicians and all other reme

Sold everywhere Price CUTICURA Sic : 80AP 25a RESOLVENT, \$1. Prenared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Hoston.

Ser Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by

BOSTON'S NEGRO DIVE KEEPER DEAD, He Presided Over the Hendquarters of

Boston, May 18 .- The sudden death Saturday of Bose Cobb. the wealthy negro dive keeper, ends a career of unpunished crime which even Editor Stead's "Modern Babylon"

is six feet deep. Milt Price went out for a swim in this dam a few days age. When he came out he climbed through a window in the milihouse and surang down to the floor. Imagine his feelings when what he thought was a stick turned out to be a blacksnake over six feet long. He had jumped within six inches of it, and the big serrent raised its head and hissed spitefully. When Milt got over being frightened he got a club and did Mr. Blacksnake up in the most approved style. Criminals at the Hub. cannot match. The story of crime in the den over which he presided for years has never been told. It was prepared for publication by a leading newspaper here three or four years ago, with a view to forcing the suppression of Allentown, May 16.—For some time past those trudging home over the mountain about four miles south of this city late at night have seen strange sights and heard peculiar sounds. It appears that a large black dog makes his appearance at a certain point along the turnpike, and walks with the trayeller until a well-known mark, still further up the mountain, is reached, where he suddenly disappears as he came. The dog utters no seund and betrays not the least show of either friendship or violence. There are those who believe that the mysterious animal is the materialized ghost of a murdered man, as he invariably makes his appearance at the exact spot of a tragedy.

There are a dozen men who claim to have encountered the dog at that exact spot, some of them more than once. They confess that they never pass the place without a shudder, and they hasten by the "spook" spot as fast as they can. Women never pass the place at night, and many even make a wide detour to avoid it in daytime. ALLENTOWN, May 16 .- For some time past the headquarters of crime and vice at the West End over which Cobb presided. The details of the revelation were so horrible that no other metive could have justified a public expose. and no darker blot could have been put upon the boasted purity of Boston's record than would have been left by the telling of the disgraceful story. To save the good name of the city, a strong individual effort was made to break down the police corruption which for a long time had made the existence of such organized iniquity possible. The attempt suc-coeded. Radical changes were made in the police force, and Bose Cobb's dens on Norman and Lyman streets were blotted out. He moved to Brighton, one of the suburban wards, and with protestations of virtue established a resort of pretended respectability. soon became the headquarters of low crimi-There is an old gentleman in Forsyth nals, and although attracting less attention on

Five Deadty Shots with One Bullet,

From the Saramana Nova.

There is an old gentleman in Forsyth county who is very fond of burding. Whenever company, Recently he went out to drive the cows. During his walk he discovered the cows. During his walk he discovered the he had on it in of his bulled but one.

He said down, draw out his penell and day to the lifes fourier, the said he had one of the said he had one of the said of he had early proved to the lifes fourier, it is a grant of powder will move a bullet three hecks, how said read to be said the said of the said and provided away, and down came bushy tail. He took his fared and the said that the said time of head of the said away and down came bushy tail. He took his fared and the falled that through . He tailed that the said time of head of the said away and down came bushy tail. He took his are desired to the said that the said time of the said away and down came bushy tail. He took his are desired to the said that the said time of the said of the said that the said time of the said time of

hon, Recent How it Feels to Drop 3,000 Feet.

How it Feels to Drop 3,000 Feet.

From the Washington Feet.

"How does it feel to let go of the balloon when you are two or three thousand feet in the air." said Thomas F. Grinley, the parachute jumper. "I m sure I cannot tell. One comes down so rapidly he has hardly time to analyze his feelings. Macclain, my pariner, compares the seastion to that of being upset in the river. We cat loose from the balloon aims at mechanically, and below we realize we are loose we have shot down a couple of him tred feet, and thereafter the remainder of the descent leases, it does not jur you until when you strike the ground, if you strike on your feet, in fact, there is less juring to the system than if you jumped off of a six-foot high fence. Neither is there any appreciable difference in the air to the height which we attain. It is a great deal purer, though, but not as rarilled as you would suppose."